

MAY 22, 1925

The **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Weekly*



He: "I simply must make more money!"
 She: Yes, but you never do anything about it."



HOW MANY WIVES have heard their husbands complain that they have hit a stone wall in business? How many wives have seen their husbands grow old waiting for "the big things" to come their way, while living expenses go steadily up and up and up?

The number must run into millions.

Yet we know, from our experience with 180,000 husbands; that in nine cases out of ten *something can be done about it.*

We have a little book which we have printed especially for dissatisfied men. It is called

"Forging Ahead in Business." It shows just what happens to a man's business worries when he broadens his knowledge of business principles; just why some men reach their limits young while others go to the top; just what the Institute's training can mean to your business career if you will follow it thru.

It is a helpful, *practical* little book. Among the men who have found it worth reading are 50,000 corporation presidents. If you want the big things of life *and are willing to work for them*, tear off the bottom of this page and mail it today.



To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 342 Astor Place, New York City

Send me, without cost or obligation, the new revised edition of the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business."

Signature.....Business Position.....

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



WRITING from St. Johns Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, General Charles King sends us one of the most interesting letters the Weekly has ever had the privilege of publishing. "I was greatly interested," writes General King, "in the base ball papers of Mr. Nugent [April 24th and May 1st issues]. I knew most of the senior clubs he names in New York and Brooklyn—saw many a game on the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, and was a charter member of one of the first junior clubs in 1858. Our games were played at Hamilton Square between Fourth and Third Avenues, just above 65th Street. As Mr. Nugent says, the Civil War spread the game all over the country, yet in 1864, when it was first talked of at West Point, only four cadets could be found who had ever played the real game.

"The ball used by all New York and Brooklyn clubs in '58 and '59 was made by an old cobbler named Van Horn who had a little shop on Second Avenue, corner of Second Street. He cut old rubber shoes into narrow strips, wound them into a tight core about an inch in diameter, then by hand wound this even more tightly with yarn and covered it with white sheepskin sewed on while wet. They cost ten shillings and had no rival until Reach and Sendorfer of the Athletics began making balls in Philadelphia.

"The Cincinnati Base Ball Club was the first to pay its players—its first nine—and to put them in knickerbockers and long stockings. The club was headed by General Nick Anderson, who had commanded the Sixth Ohio Infantry during the war, and many men of wealth and social position were members. The 'professional' nine made its first tour in '68—its famous tour in which it won every game was in '69, as Mr. Nugent says—but it did not get to San Francisco or play quite as many games as he credits them with. I was on recruiting service in Cincinnati that summer and often played with the amateurs of the Club. The team in '69 was made up as follows: Pitcher, Asa Brainard; catcher, Dug Allison; first base, Gould; second base, Sweazey; third base, Waterman; short stop, George Wright (our most famous player); captain and center field, Harry Wright (the elder brother); right field, Leonard; left field, McVey. The list is given from memory; it may be that Leonard and McVey should change fields, but I think not.

"Before the war the Wright brothers were cricketers. Harry Wright, as I remember, was the caretaker of the dressing rooms and grounds of the old St. George Cricket Club,

and I do not know just when he took to base ball and accepted a similar position with the Cincinnati. George was only a lad when I first saw him at Hoboken, but he had developed wonderfully and was regarded as the best all-round player of the Red Stockings in 1869. Brainard was the swiftest pitcher of the array in '69—the days of the old straight, under-arm delivery, yet even then, all unsuspected, the curve existed. The Unions of Morrisania in '69 held the Red Stockings to a score of 4 to 2 because their pitcher, Martin, sent in a slow twisting ball which even George Wright had difficulty in killing.

It was undoubtedly a curve ball, though scientists persuaded the players for a while that such a thing could not be.

"Early in the 'seventies Ross Barnes and Spaulding became famous with the Rockfords of Illinois. Then came the professional dead (red) ball that only with difficulty could be hit beyond the infield. It was never popular. In '72 there were three or four clubs in New Orleans, notably the Lone Stars and the R. E. Lees, and almost every city had its paid professional nine. The game was known and played all over the land."

* * *

GENERAL KING did not sign himself a general—we had to get that from Who's Who. Thousands of Weekly readers know him as a writer of army fiction in a day when all of us Legionnaires were several years younger and little dreamed that our military service would ever extend out of the printed page into the real

thing. General King was born in 1844—eighty-one years ago—so he is just about as old as baseball itself.

* * *

SID C. NYMAN, commander of Verdun Post of Chicago, agrees with our view, expressed in the May 1st issue, that the Weekly isn't in a position to conduct a births column, but he offers some vital statistics that he thinks are worth publishing. "Verdun Post's Auxiliary," he writes, "wanted more members. So in casual conversation with some of the buddies of the post it was agreed that all future girl babies of post members should become members of the Auxiliary. Now read and weep. Since February, Comrades Leahy, Exner, McFarland, Carner, Reser and Nyman have reported additions to the ranks—but all are boys. Now when do we start an organization of the Sons of Veterans of The American Legion?"

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We passed the sentry with flying colors, disguised as a couple of prisoners under arrest

The Biography of Bill Boone

By STEUART M. EMERY

Illustrated by
Ray C. Strang

THEY told me up at the armory on the night of our last annual reunion that Bill Boone had gone back to France. I was not surprised to hear it, for two years' intimate O. D. acquaintance with my buddy Bill Boone long ago convinced me that no one continent was large enough to hold him for any length of time.

The armory grill was ringing that evening with the lyrical strains of "K-K-Katy" and "The Y.M.C.A. went over the top"; our former top sergeant was actually shaking hands with the man he had put on K.P. two weeks running; somebody else was banging the second looey on the shoulder and telling him what a fine fellow he was, and so it took a few minutes for me to obtain more definite information about Bill. Then I learned that he had shipped as cook aboard a tramp steamer with the announced intention of jumping overside the moment Marseille was reached and taking the P. L.M. express for the Café de la Paix. I knew it would be something like that.

Every outfit in the Army—yours as well as mine—had its Bill Boone. He was the dizzy private, and upon this type the Articles of War sat lightly. They were in the Army to fight the war, all right, but they preferred to fight it in their own particular way. They were the life of the outfit, the pride of the squad, the bogey of the skipper and the terror of the civilian

population. Except at the front, where they seemed to consider shells and machine-gun barrages something got up especially for them to laugh at, they could invariably be counted on to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. The Army for them was one long, grand vacation from the cares of life.

"My brains?" Bill Boone used to remark once a week. "I left 'em back in the locker in the armory with my civvies. I wonder who's wearing my neckties now? Let 'er rip—we've got all France to see yet."

Although Bill Boone remained throughout the war a mere private of the first class it was difficult to believe that that massive nerve and native dignity of his could belong to anyone under the commissioned rank. In the early days of camp life, when the rank and file of the mounted branches, as you will recall, wore leather puttees and belts and the gold bar had not yet been invented for the second looey, Bill Boone drew and returned dozens of salutes a day. His favorite pastime when arrayed in belt and puttees on a pass to town was to look hard and long at young officers fresh from the O.T. C. In the end they weakened before his superb poise and gave him the high-ball. It was a terrible day for

Bill when War Department orders took away his belt and puttees. He did not recover his customary bland smile until he had made six passes in a row on his favorite blanket.

Little by little during the eight months we passed in a South Carolina cottonfield under canvas that leaked in rainy weather and caught fire from the stove in cold the past of Bill Boone came out. He admitted to a two months' career at the state university one night, I remember, when he and I were on stable guard together with six inches of snow on the ground and our feet slowly freezing in our rubber boots. It appeared that there was a great football victory, in celebration of which he planted four charlotte ruses squarely and accurately on the shirt-front of the town's leading headwaiter, who took the matter up with the local police.

"It was a great battle," said Bill, "but the police won, so I went into business. And now it's too cold to stick around these damn stables any longer. Let's saddle up a couple of horses and ride over to the base hospital. I've got a friend on all-night duty there who'll hand out coffee."

"But we're on guard," I protested, innocently aghast.

"Listen," said Bill. "I've been in this man's Army six months. Every time the top kicker puts me on guard down here with nothing to do for four hours I take a horse and go for a ride.

Last night I went down to the constructing Q.M. barracks at the gate and the cook did me a steak. What if they do catch us up at the base? It's only a mile off our post."

So we mounted and were off and on the way Bill told me about the large evening when he sold the family's brand-new limousine for twenty-five dollars to a total stranger. "I needed some money and the car was right outside the restaurant," he explained genially. "It seemed a good idea, but I forgot the next day was Sunday and the family wanted to go for a ride. It took 'em three days to find it again and they had to buy it back for a hundred berries. Gee, but father was sore!"

The coffee that night in the base hospital kitchen was good and the conversation was plentiful, inasmuch as we found there an M.P. patrol of two whose horses were comfortably tied outside. Like ourselves, they belonged on the other side of camp somewhere.

"Come on along with us," they suggested, being good M.P.'s. "We're headed for the division bakery next. There's always fresh rolls there on Tuesday nights."

As the winter wore on and life in the cottonfield became more and more monotonous Bill Boone invented the brand-new game of introducing the outfit's burro mascot T.N.T. into the tents of his friends along about midnight. And a live and kicking burro can create a memorable quarter hour in a dark tent full of seven privates and a corporal. Finally one night he took T.N.T. half a dozen streets away and put him in with the field clerks, whereupon, finding that he was among strangers, he kicked out two walls and hammered a Sibley stove flat.

Division headquarters, which was aroused by a combination of shrieks and splintering wood, ordered an investigation. Just about the time our outfit was being lined up in the street with the skipper bending black brows on us and muttering of Leavenworth a four-day pass came along for Bill, who departed solemnly, regretting that he could not stay to see who had perpetrated the crime.

It was, I recall, late in the spring that they piled our outfit into day coaches and eventually detrained us and our cinders at Camp Mills on the flats of Long Island, so close to New York City we could almost see the peak of the Woolworth Tower. The first day there they put us on the gate as message-bearers. Somebody came inquiring for a son or friend in the embarkation camp, they wrote the name and outfit on a piece of paper, and the message-bearer promptly scurried over five square miles of tents and shacks to find the sought-for one and bring him to the hostess house.

They gave Bill Boone and myself messages to carry five minutes after we hit the gate. "This looks good to me," announced Bill, and walked over to a touring car that was for hire. "How much to take us to New York?"

"Ten dollars," said the pirate behind the wheel.

"Hop in," said Bill to me. "I've always wanted to see the Aquarium. We'll telegraph the young men whose names we have here that their folks are down at the gate waiting for them. I'm a wild, wild flower growing wilder every hour."

Yes, I hopped in and Bill and I had a pleasant day in the large city, with clear consciences. Also we got back to camp in time for Taps and found there wasn't any. The lid at that embarkation camp, it appeared, was mostly off, and Bill Boone took it the rest of the way.

"What's the use of sticking around a tent when there's so many good hotel rooms in New York?" he inquired, and so New York it was. Every morning bright and early for nine days Bill called up the outfit to see if embarkation orders had come in. When they finally did wander along he hired a touring car with his last X and made the camp in fifty minutes from Forty-second street and Broadway, bringing with him just for the ride a Canadian colonel, a lieutenant-commander of destroyers, two flying majors and an Aussie captain with whom he had been seeing the city the night previous. He reported to our captain with the colonel on one side of him and the lieutenant-commander on the other, so nothing much was said to him at the time.



I accompanied him, I remember, on one glorious evening which Bill saw to it was distributed well over the face of Manhattan. We wound up at a roof-garden show, at the conclusion of which we dove for the elevator. Hardly had we entered it and leaned against its mirrored wall, however, than red-banded caps and tabs, gold lace, swag-gar sticks, bristling white moustaches and monocles commenced to pour in. It was the British Military Mission, all of them, I believe, either generals or admirals. They glowered horribly upon the two unkempt privates that chance had thrown into contact with them. Bill, I regret to say, was not impressed.

"Gee," he beamed, "more troops."

One British general or admiral purple and foaming is a noble sight, but

six of them all in one elevator—well, Bill and I have not lived in vain. It was much better than the pictures in *Punch*.

I think Bill Boone enjoyed his voyage overseas on the transport. We hadn't been on board an hour before he came plunging down into our fusty hold and grabbed his pack off the top layer of our three-bunk tier.

"See you boys when we get to Liverpool," he announced. "Friend of mine from home's an ensign on this barge. Me for a life in a cabin on the boat deck." It was true enough. The skipper for a long time remained under the impression that Bill Boone had fallen overboard the first night out. But, bright and shining, he appeared in the hold again when we came steaming up the River Mersey and was put on the nasty job of baggage unloading as a punishment, following our debarkation at the docks.

I roared with mirth at him as our column wound off through the streets bound for a train to Southampton. Bill, I heard later, promptly routed out four Chinese dock hands from a shed where they were peacefully slumbering, gave them fifty cents apiece, and sat down for a quiet smoke of issue Bull while the outfit's boxes and bags were being hurled on to trucks as though by magic. He arrived at our camp outside Southampton bearing half a ham and a stone jug, contents musty and excellent, which some public-spirited Briton had pressed upon him as a homesick American soldier.

And then we hit Le Havre and its so-called rest camp. The little village a mile away out of bounds was much pleasanter, or at least Bill and I found it so. With the aid of a package of Lucky Strikes Bill had become the bosom friend of a Hieland Scotty immediately upon our arrival amid the cobblestones of the camp, and a quarter of an hour later we were on our way out through the commanding colonel's vegetable garden. That night we learned that "Encore, madame" is enough French to see the country on. Early the next morning I found Bill at the side of my bunk.

"Get up," he whispered. "I've found an American M.P. on guard here who'll take us into that café across the bridge." Bill had. We passed the sentry at the boundary with flying colors disguised as a pair of prisoners under arrest; we came back just in time to fall in at the rear of our column bound for the railroad station and the 40 Hommes. I have only the most cheerful memories of Le Havre rest camp, concerning which I have heard many men say many hard things.

Yes, I have always thought that Bill Boone was the personification of irrepressible American youth let loose on a strange land. We stopped first in our 40 Hommes at a fair-sized town and they gave us two hours of freedom. At the end of that time Bill Boone returned to our car with a whole round cheese, a smile that wouldn't come off and three French helmets which he had removed from the heads of various elderly reservists at the Café de la République. He went out again immediately and came back with the "Sortie" sign of the gare.

But that wasn't his most successful train trip. That came later, well along

(Continued on page 16)

The Last Journey of the Romanoffs

By RUTHERFORD
H. PLATT, JR.



The Russian royal family, from a photograph taken early in the World War. Behind the Czarina and the Czar are the Princesses Marie, Tatiana and Olga. Alexis, the Czarevitch, sits at his mother's feet, and at the Czar's left is the Princess Anastasia

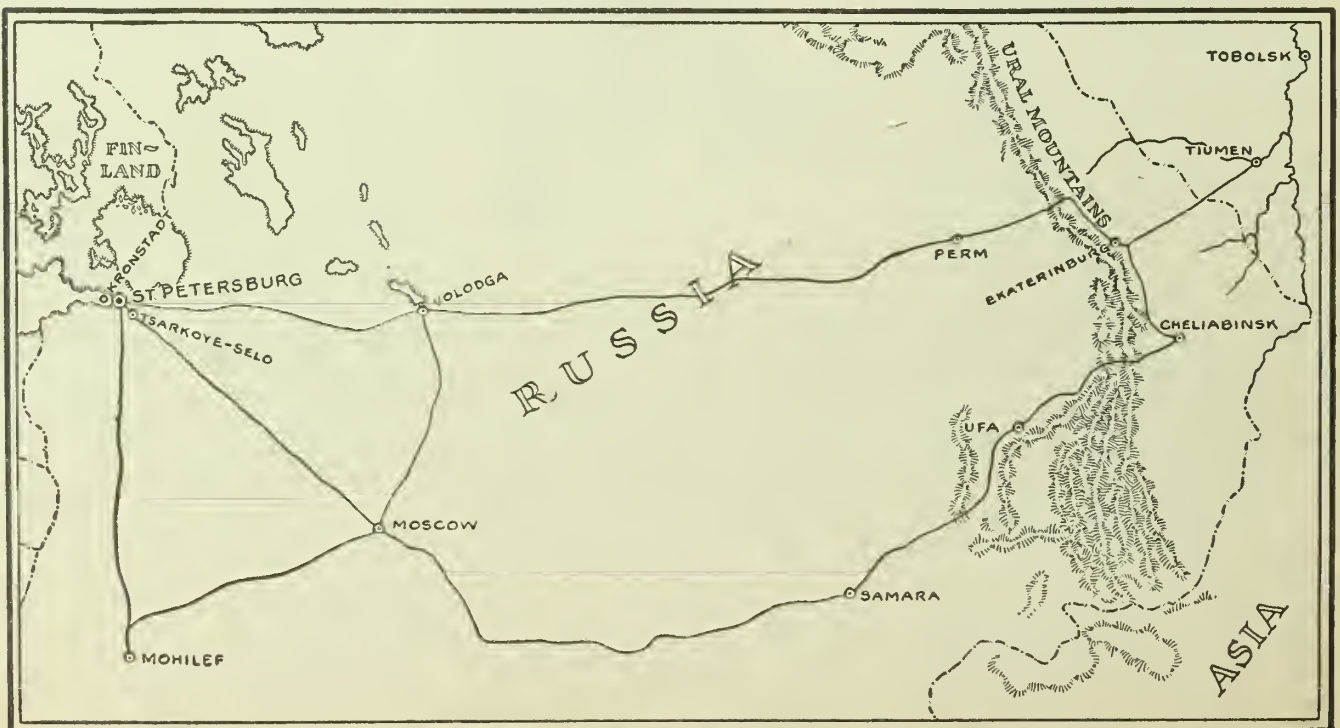
It was on the train between Mohilef (army headquarters) and St. Petersburg that the Czar signed his abdication. Largely for their own safety, the royal family were removed to Tobolsk, Siberia. They were on their way from Tobolsk to Moscow for trial when they were seized at Ekaterinburg by the local soviet commissars

UNTIL the night of July 16, 1918, the town of Ekaterinburg—named after Catherine the Great—had as fair a reputation as its name implies. Situated over a thousand miles east of the Russian capital on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, it was remote enough from political influences to be able to build its own cheerful destiny. Facing the east the country falls away in huge rolling waves among which a broad river winds. Beyond are the vast cold steppes of Siberia.

In their hills the people of Ekaterinburg discovered platinum deposits, and with this treasury of nature they enriched themselves. The village became a municipality; palatial residences were built along broad streets; the spirit of culture was lighted from the torch of prosperity. The region of which Ekaterinburg was the center furnished ninety percent of the platinum that sparkled in the salons of New York and Paris. It was a happy place in which to live.

Suddenly, overnight, the name of the town became the synonym for a horrible crime—one of the most mysterious and atrocious in history.

Neither its prosperity nor the contentment of its people were the slightest protection for Ekaterinburg from the soviets. In fact, because of its wealth



and its central location between Europe and Asia, it was one of the most coveted prizes for the Bolsheviks. Following the November, 1917, revolution, Ekaterinburg was one of the first towns outside Moscow and Petrograd to undergo a political surgical operation. A soviet was organized partly of a few fanatical persons in the town, mostly of imported reds.

This soviet was a very active one.

At first it did not interfere greatly with the daily routine of the townspeople, and the platinum kings continued to live in their mansions. But the soviet was engaged in national affairs.

Many nobles and capitalists and former officers of the imperial army were brought to Ekaterinburg to be imprisoned or murdered. It was so located that the prisoners there were out of reach of plots hatched in Moscow for their release, and also they could be conveniently dispatched by way of Sweden or Vladivostok or, as was much more common, by way of a bullet.

Thus the local soviet got exaggerated notions. The more it laid hands on nobles the more bloodthirsty it became. The more it thought about the Romanoffs the more it itched to possess them. This feeling became an obsession with the Ekaterinburg soviet; it was certainly not shared by the regular residents of the town, and it hadn't much to do with the Moscow government.

It was purely the selfish, self-inspired idea of a few radical individuals. If it seemed as though some of the people were supporting the soviet it was because there naturally were accumulating in the town a lot of radical newcomers. A strong soviet that was making itself conspicuous in red activities drew reds to itself like a magnet.

One of the things that this element did that made good people who had been

keeper named Jurovsky. The thing was in evil taste; it was unthinkable—yet there it was.

One day in April, 1918, the soviet commissars were thrown into violent excitement by a report that the Romanoffs were being taken from Tobolsk to Moscow for trial. There were agitated meetings of the soviet; maps were studied; messengers were sent rushing off in all directions; decisions

were made hec-
tically — the
members could
hardly contain
themselves.
Something was
up. The whole
town seemed to
feel the excite-
ment.

Then, unlike
many reports,
this one turned
out to be true.
Definite infor-
mation arrived
that the former
Czar and his
family had left
Tobolsk on the
river steamer
and that they
would take the
train from
Tioumen for
Moscow.

For Moscow?
Never! They

must not be allowed to pass Ekaterin-
burg.

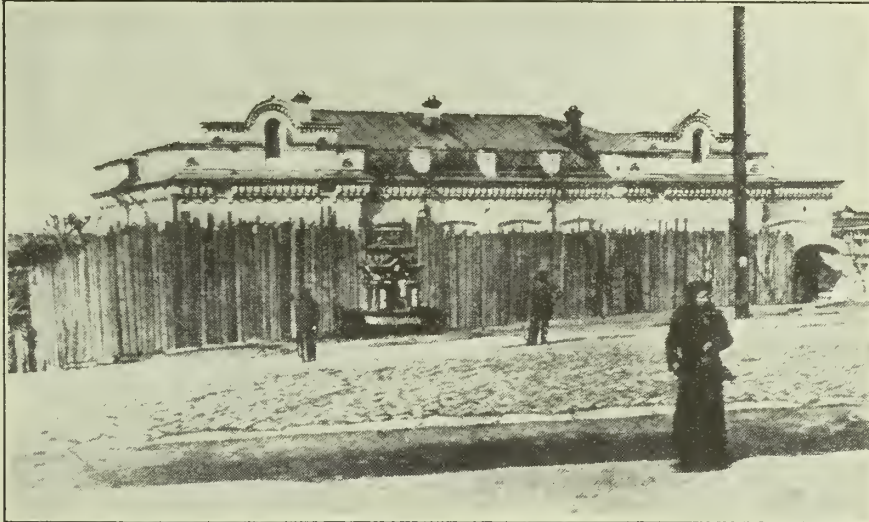
A few miles east of the town the railroad branched. One track led through Ekaterinburg and thence on to Moscow via Perm and Vologda; the

(Continued on page 18)

"The house of special destination"—
the home of Engineer Ipatief at Eka-
terinburg—where the tragedy of July,
1918, reached its terrible climax. The
dwelling has since been burned

proud of their town shiver and curl
their lips was to pull down the hand-
some bronze statue of Alexander II that
stood in the park. On the pedestal
where it had stood was set up a statue
called Liberty. The model for this
image was a girl fifteen years old, the
daughter of a dismal, muttering shop-

A special soviet committee of experts
appraising the Romanoff crown jewels.
Ever since the destruction of the fam-
ily these jewels have been turning up
at auction sales in Paris, London and
New York



Take It from Georgia

By ARTHUR VAN
VLISINGEN, JR.

GRAY-HAIRED, his face showing the lines of an old yet ever-fresh sorrow, a man paused before a bronze tablet. As is his wont when his way leads past Pershing Point, in Atlanta, the man paused to scan the names lettered on that tablet. And once more, as he read one familiar name, tears came to his eyes.

The name he read was that of Charles D. Montgomery, Jr. The tablet was erected by the Gold Star Mothers of Atlanta to the memory of Fulton County's 140 World War dead. And the man who paused to read was Charles D. Montgomery, whose son died for his country.

But this time, when the father moved on, he was gripped by a new, and big, idea. He knew that Charlie, if he had lived, would have given gen-



Governor Walker signing the Endowment proclamation. Standing, from left to right, are former Governor Harris; Field Secretary George W. S. Fritsche; Field Supervisor William T. Barbre; Asa Warren Candler, Legion National Executive Committeeman for Georgia, and former Governor Dorsey

erously of his time and means for those who gave the most.

"My duty is clear," thought the father. So he hurried to his desk, and wrote a letter to the Legionnaires in charge of raising Atlanta's share of The American Legion Endowment Fund.

"Dear friends of my boy," he wrote in part, "I have thought of an idea which I believe will appeal to the people of Atlanta: 140 boys of Fulton County died on the battlefields of France. I believe, besides myself, there are 139 other citizens of Atlanta who will give at least \$50 in memory of each of those boys who gave their lives for us. I cannot believe the people of this city have so far forgotten the sacrifices made by these boys as to fail to rally to their memory and do justice to the orphan children of those who lost their lives."

So Mr. Montgomery's subscription of \$50 was accepted. The novel idea received a great deal of newspaper publicity. No sooner

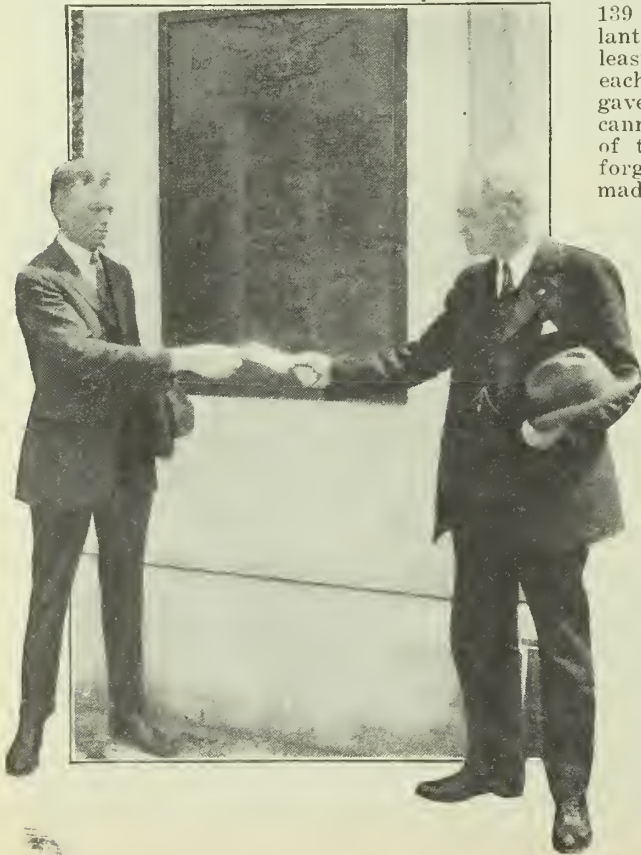
had the first account appeared in print on the front page of the morning paper, however, than other folks took up the idea. It had a spontaneous appeal that quickly won support.

Former Governor Hugh M. Dorsey, executive chairman of the Georgia campaign, made a special contribution in the name of his former chauffeur, Estill Huie Laney. Mrs. Asa Warren Candler subscribed in memory of Richard W. Claiburne, who served in her husband's company. Mrs. Mary V. Connally, whose husband had already donated the office which serves as Georgian campaign headquarters, sent \$100 in memory of their son, Joseph Brown Connally. The First Baptist Church of Atlanta memorialized Mark Beck, whose blue star on the church service flag was changed to gold.

All of these, mind you, were unsolicited contributions received on the same day that Mr. Montgomery's letter was published. Within two more days, most of the names on the Gold Star Mothers' Tablet had been memorialized. The campaign is not over as this is written, but it seems almost certain that all of the 140 names will be chosen—and well over \$10,000 given, as a result, for the relief of disabled ex-service men and the orphans of service men and veterans. If, as seems likely, Atlanta exceeds its \$25,000 quota by a large margin, then a goodly share of the credit belongs to the idea which came to Charles D. Montgomery as he stood with head bared before the tablet of Fulton County's war dead.

But the idea did not stop with Atlanta. Georgia Endowment headquarters broadcast the suggestion to every corner of the State. Other posts took it up; the plan spread rapidly.

Joseph Brester Post of Cedartown had already passed \$1,200—and its quota for the Fund was \$200 less than that. But when P. A. Merriam, commander of the post, heard of the memorial plan, he notified Chairman Dorsey that his post would undertake to get a minimum subscription of \$50



Charles D. Montgomery, standing before the memorial tablet which bears the name of his son, gives his pledge card to William A. Sirmon, commander of Argonne Post of Atlanta. The memorial subscription idea thus inaugurated spread over the whole State



Phillip Galleon, a virtually bedridden patient in U. S. V. B. Hospital No. 48, got aboard a pair of crutches to let himself be snapped handing his unsolicited contribution of ten dollars to Miss Robinson, Red Cross nurse. Galleon's only source of income is his monthly Veterans Bureau check. At the right is Mrs. Asa Warren Candler, president of the Auxiliary unit to Argonne Post

in memory of each gold star in his district.

The subscriptions were obtained either from the family of the hero, from some other citizen, or from a group which had a special interest in him. And several hundreds of dollars were raised in Cedartown by the memorial plan. The community raised \$700 of its \$1,000 quota at an evening mass-meeting.

Meetings have proved, in the Georgia campaign, a most successful way to raise a community's quota in minimum time. The Cedartown meeting, with seventy percent of the quota subscribed then and there, typifies one kind.

Another was that held at Dawson on Sunday, the afternoon before the campaign opened. All of the churches joined in holding this meeting, under the auspices of Davis-Daniel Post of the Legion. A minister from Albany, Georgia, came over to address the meeting. He explained the need and purpose of the Endowment Fund in terms of the suffering which it will relieve. And next day, Monday, the first day of the state campaign, when the Legionnaires of Dawson made the rounds to solicit subscriptions, they had reached their community's quota of \$600 by mid-afternoon. And they kept right on going.

A Veterans Bureau hospital is situated at Augusta. Augusta Legionnaires had no intention of calling on the hospital patients for subscriptions. But the patients would not have it so. They knew what the Legion's rehabilitation work means to the disabled man. They demanded that they be solicited for the Endowment Fund. The local

Legion decided to accept the subscriptions at the hospital but not to solicit individuals. Thus, without any pressure, the patients subscribed over \$500 of Augusta's \$10,365 quota.

In Atlanta, a call came from Veterans Bureau Hospital No. 48 for a worker to call on Philip Galleon, a patient. So Mrs. Asa Warren Candler, president of the Auxiliary Unit to Argonne Post, went to the hospital. Galleon, she found, was a veteran who had been confined to a wheel chair for three years at this hospital. He is crippled for life. And, despite these none too rosy prospects, he asked for a card and signed up for ten dollars, which he paid out of his compensation.

"I want to give my little bit to a cause which will do so much good and relieve so much suffering," Galleon told Mrs. Candler. "You know, unless a man has suffered the way most of the men in hospitals have, he can't even begin to understand what the Legion's work really

means to the disabled man who needs help. I wish I could give something which would really amount to something. But I haven't any income except my Bureau compensation. So I've got to be satisfied with giving ten dollars."

There was another contribution, too,

which got under the skins of Georgia Legion workers. The paper published by the inmates of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta printed a short news item about the Endowment Fund campaign. Next day a letter arrived at local campaign headquarters. It was from Robert Levinson, a prisoner. He declared that he wanted to contribute to the Fund and asked that a subscription card be forwarded to the warden for him.

Cartersville is not a big town nor a rich one. Its quota was set at \$1,000. Here is how the Legion post set about raising the money: The post officers personally solicited the members of the post—twenty-five in all. Each one was told his personal share was five dollars, though more would be gladly accepted if he felt he could give it. And each Legionnaire made his contribution. When he subscribed, he also agreed to get five more subscriptions of at least five dollars each, not soliciting local business people. The Legionnaires kept their word, too. Each one raised his five subscriptions, almost all of the cards being for five dollars apiece. Thus the Legionnaires gave over \$125 and took more than \$625 additional in individual subscriptions.

Then the more successful of these solicitors had the local business people parceled out to them. They aimed for more than five dollars from each of these prospects—and did as well as they had expected.

So, in this businesslike manner which involved no excessive work for any one Legionnaire, and almost an equal share for all, the quota of Cartersville was quickly over-subscribed. And it was done entirely by small subscriptions.

"Hard work, and not asking for too small amounts, are two prime requisites of success in any community's campaign for its share of the Fund," declares Asa Warren Candler out of the experience of the Georgia cam-

(Continued on page 31)



Judge Kenesaw M. Landis all dressed up and somewhere to go. Speaking in the interests of the Endowment, he is shown here about to fly from Savannah to Augusta. At his right is Manager Hendricks of the Cincinnati Reds. At his left are Lieutenant Hornsby, pilot of the Martin bomber which was the Judge's taxi, and Mechanician Cole

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Lesson of the Maneuvers

WITH a mighty fleet and a powerful army at swords' points in mimic war for the possession of Oahu, Hawaii, Uncle Sam has just been presenting the aspect of a man with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, exercising his biceps on punching bag and chest weights. Uncle Sam takes this kind of exercise every year. As a part of his program to keep his arms of national defense fit, he conducts a practice campaign each spring under conditions approximating as nearly as possible those of actual war.

Most ambitious of these practice campaigns has been that of the present year, in which the problem of the possibilities of attack and defense offered by Oahu, the island on which is located Pearl Harbor, America's great naval base in the Pacific, has been worked out.

For the purposes of the campaign, a great armada consisting of about 125 ships was assembled under the flag of the admiral commanding the maneuver. In the force were superdreadnaughts of our newest and hugest type, scout-cruisers capable of traveling at express-train speed, swift destroyers, submarines, mine-layers and aircraft-carriers, while a flotilla of transports carried a landing force of Marine shock troops.

About the middle of April, this force, known as the Blue force, rendezvoused off the California coast in the vicinity of San Francisco, "war" was declared, and with lights out, and destroyers thrown out in battle formation, courses were set for the Hawaiian Islands and preparations made for the encounters expected with the "enemy" on land and sea.

Meantime on the island of Oahu equal activity prevailed and every preparation was being made to insure a warm reception for the fleet when it arrived. Here the Black force, or defenders of the island, consisted of about fifteen thousand army troops, reinforced by several thousand men of the National Guard of the Territory, as well as a considerable detachment of bluejackets and Marines attached to the Pearl Harbor Naval Base, with a fleet of thirty-one ships, mostly submarines and destroyers.

In the air the two forces were nearly equal, the defenders having slightly the better of it, with a total of 105 planes attached to army fields, against 93 carried by the aircraft-carriers and on the battleships and cruisers of the fleet.

First contact between the two forces came about April 25th, when a Blue force was reported in the vicinity of the island of Molokai, within a few miles of the southern coast of Oahu. Developments followed rapidly, beginning with a strenuous effort on the part of the attacking air force to seize Molokai as a base, in which the air contingent of the defenders was drawn south in an effort to beat off the attackers. Then a landing party of Marines was launched at the southern coast of the island, and this force the umpires adjudged destroyed, while, under the cover of these activities, the main landing force of Marines attacked on the northern coast, surprising the defenders and winning a footing which successive waves of leathernecks extended until the whole northern entrance to the central valley of the island fell into their possession.

According to the judgment of best-informed critics, this landing was made at the point offering best possibilities for success. Here, it is declared, the first waves of attacking troops would lose in the neighborhood of fifty percent cas-

ualties, but if the attackers were willing to pay the price a considerable area could be seized and held under the protection of the heavy guns of the fleet.

The demonstration that Oahu, the key to our Pacific defenses, can be taken by assault will come as a considerable shock to American public opinion, as by many the defenses of the island have been regarded as impregnable. The present campaign, however, has revealed that although on the southern coast, in the neighborhood of Honolulu, the fortifications are of greatest strength, on the north coast the island's defenses are such as to be at the mercy of any foe willing to pay the price in casualties.

What "Air Power" Means

ADMIRAL MAHAN some thirty years ago introduced a new term into the everyday vocabulary of America. His book, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History", lifted the term "sea power" from the realm of naval technicians' discussions and placed it in the daily newspaper columns. Admiral Mahan proved that every dominant nation in history had obtained its place by gaining control of the water. His doctrine was the basis on which the modern American Navy was built. Because his truths were recognized, the United States won the war with Spain quickly and decisively.

Now a new term is coming into common usage. "Air power" is as potent a term today as "sea power" was in the 'nineties. The term has come from the remoteness of scientific discussions to the headlines on the front page. The whole future of the United States may depend on the understanding which the nation as a whole gets of all that air power implies. For on that understanding must be based national action of tremendous significance. That action should be the placing of the United States in the forefront of the nations which are seeking to develop airplanes and dirigible aircraft not only as effective machines for national defense but also as indispensable additions to transportation facilities in peace-time.

Air power is not based alone on fighting equipment. Pursuit planes, bombing planes and observation planes, blimps and dirigibles, are symbols of a strength which is founded largely on imponderable factors. The dream in the brain of an inventor may count for more than a squadron of battle planes. The blue prints and patents for his devices, the factory in which they are built, the labor and material that go into the devices—all these are important elements in air power. Vastly important also are all the regular and emergency landing fields, the pilots and mechanics who can operate aircraft or keep them conditioned for use, the dollars invested in the aircraft industry and allied manufacturing lines, our fuel and gas reserves, our resources for the production of metals and in certain kinds of woods. All these together compose an equation which is air power.

Today air power for the United States is but a dream. Only comparatively few men realize how vital it is to the nation that the dream should come true. When everybody realizes this, the United States will take the place in the air that it must take to insure its own future. The Legion patiently but persistently is trying to get the facts before the public. The Legion does not want the United States to remain either an ostrich nation, burying its head in the ground and refusing to see what is going on overhead, or a kiwi nation, with wings which it does not know how to use.

❖ ❖ ❖

A call to the colors—a modern girl asking her suitor to kiss her.

❖ ❖ ❖

It is predicted that 1925 will produce a bumper crop of cauliflower fenders.

❖ ❖ ❖

A formula that will give the fisherman the sing of the reel without the sting of the mosquito is anxiously awaited.

They Stayed Up Till 2:30 A. M. to Honor Pershing

THE A. E. F. lived again in spirit at the Hippodrome, New York City, largest playhouse in America, on the evening of April 25th when its old commander heard tribute to his qualities of leadership paid by men and women of the World War. Near the close of a long vaudeville program which included a series of stirring tableaux depicting the spirit of The American Legion, in which Miss Blanche Bates, the celebrated actress, was the central figure, National Commander Drain presented to General Pershing a bronze memorial plaque in testimony of the affection in which he is held by those who served under him.

This national testimonial was organized by a single post of the Legion—National Vaudeville Artists Post of New York City. The program began at eleven p. m., and the curtain fell on the concluding scenes of "The Spirit of the Legion" tableaux in which Miss Bates was the central figure, at 2:30 in the morning. Every seat in the immense theatre was filled and the boxes were occupied by the distinguished of the land and representatives of many foreign nations. Members of the Cabinet, governors of five States, diplomatic representatives and high officers of the Army and Navy joined the Legionnaires in their tribute to their old Commander-in-Chief. Five Army and Navy bands under Legionnaire John Philip Sousa furnished the music.

Naturally the affair had a distinctly theatrical flavor. Leading artists of every department of the stage contributed to the entertainment, and when General Pershing arose to convey his thanks to the gathering he confessed he

once had theatrical ambitions himself. These progressed to the point, the general said, that in his youth he could make a fair stab at a buck and wing dance. If these talents could ever be of any service to the

profession, he asked his vaudeville hosts to command them in case of an emergency such as (in the two-a-day parlance) a "fall out" on a bill.

National Commander Drain, presenting the General with the plaque, which is reproduced with this article, made the following remarks, which were given a great ovation:

"America in the World War was all America at war. At home and overseas, in and out of the military service, our people were doing their best. Partisanship and selfishness were forgotten.

"The nation's allies in that war held the battle line for more than three terrible years with rare courage and devotion. But without America their defeat was certain.

"Of course, America made mistakes. No act of man is perfect, but when the whole truth is known and told, this will be marked as a great effort, marvelously well done. That part played by America overseas owes its success to the bravery and fortitude of the American enlisted men. But these qualities would never have given us victory without masterly leadership.

"Charged with the full power of his mighty Government, in General John J. Pershing's capable hands were placed the lives of millions of American men and women, expenditures of billions in moneys and materials, and the honor—almost the life—of the country. General Pershing met his colossal task with that greatness of heart and
(Continued on page 16)



THE American Legion is engaged in the most worthy and necessary undertaking of caring for the orphan children of ex-service men and, in co-operation with the Government, of aiding needy disabled veterans. It proposes to raise an Endowment Fund of five million dollars for these purposes, to which every American citizen should contribute.

America's part in this drive will, I hope, be taken up in the same fine spirit that was manifest in the various drives during the war. We face no less responsibility today in taking care of the 35,000 or more orphans of service men and in helping the men who came back maimed for life.

It is the protection of this helpless childhood against poverty, disease, ignorance, vice and crime that warrants The American Legion's appeal for money enough to provide them real American homes and give them the care and education of the more fortunate children of the nation. It is the co-operation of The American Legion with the Government that necessitates the use of funds to provide adequate care for the disabled.

Not a cent of the principal will be touched—the interest alone will be used. This will insure a perpetual fund for the care of those unfortunates who suffer for our freedom. I sincerely hope that the United States will respond to the appeal of The American Legion.

John J. Pershing

The National Pastime

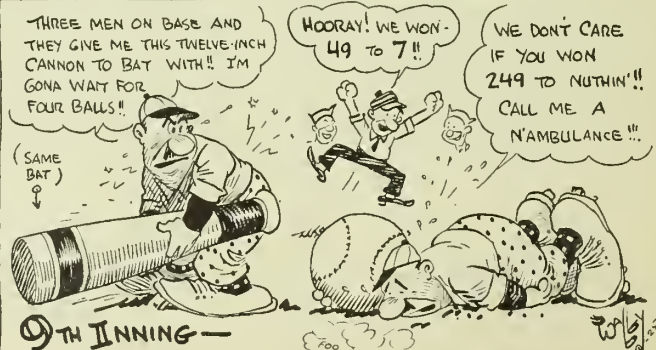
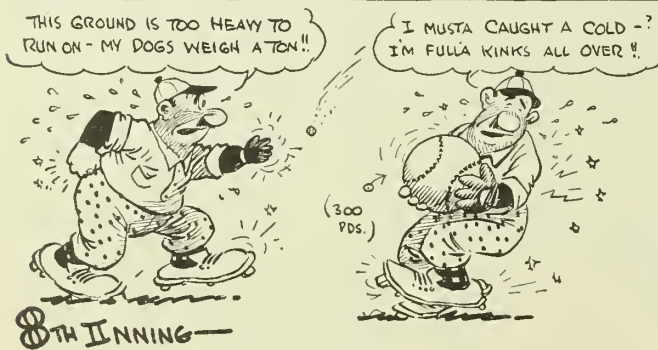
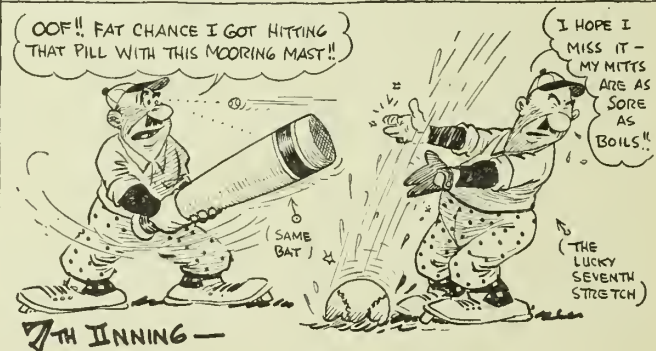
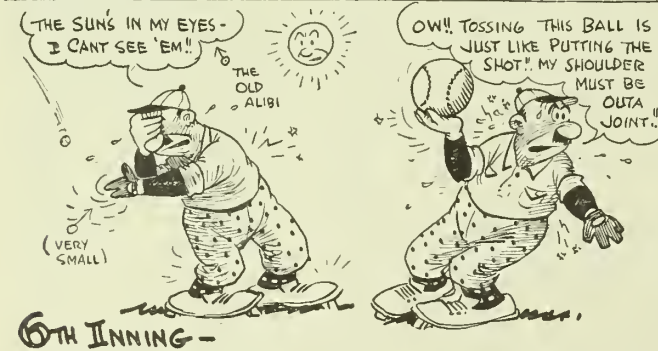
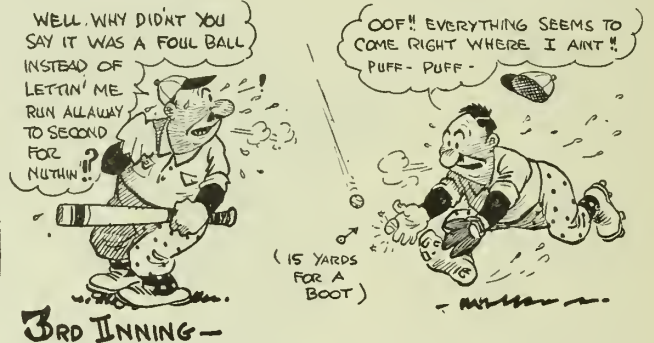
By Wallgren

THE POST PICNIC BASE-BALL GAME

MARRIED MEN VS. SINGLE MEN

— 0110 —

COMPOSITE PICTURES OF
THE MARRIED MENS TEAM
— MOST OF WHOM NEVER
PLAY ANYTHING MUCH MORE
STRENUOUS THAN PINOCLE.



A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

In sight of Memorial Day, when we think in terms of honoring the known dead, here are some words which

For Such They Were

Osric Watkins, an Indiana boy, wrote to his parents when he entered the service: "I promise that I will do well in this; that I will face all things unafraid."

And to his father before his death:

"You have been a good father to me, dad. You'll never know how much I loved and respected you. Even as I write I think of a hundred little ways in which you guided my faltering steps and moulded my character. I regret that I could not have lived to lighten your old age and give you a son."

And this to his mother:

"This isn't to be mailed until I have gone where all the good aviators go, honey. You are so wise and brave and cheerful that I know you can be as proud as you are sad at my death."

Are such qualities as these to be consigned to oblivion because some glib fool thinks that they glorify war? They are the best assets we have in war or peace.

The editor of the Weston (West Virginia) *Legionnaire* wants to know if I am getting his paper regularly. If I were not he would soon find that I can be the most active deadhead on his mailing list.

Yes, I Read Them

Local Legion papers take the provincial kinks out of my brain by shooting me out of my own into another bailiwick. They give me ideas right from the front and cheer me up. They make me like my country.

The Weston *Legionnaire* is only four small pages, but it has poets, cartoonists and correspondents who deserve a wider field. I am glad to learn from an account of the meeting of its Ananias Club that Charles J. Maher "has trained a six-inch measuring worm to measure his customers for suits. It goes all over the customer's legs, back and trunk. All Charlie has to do is to count the number of hairs raised on its back. Then he smooths the hairs and Tape (this is Charlie's name for his pet) starts on another measurement."

Perhaps some of my readers will not believe this. I do. I believe everything in the Weston *Legionnaire*. I believe Colonel J. A.'s account of how to fish for the South American bannah fish, which is as follows:

"You can catch as high as two in a couple or three weeks if you will first get a small boat and row out into the middle of a square lake. Having made the boat fast by tying it to the top of a big wave, you sprinkle the top of the lake with a thin coat of straw. Now take a bow and arrow and bore a narrow hole in the water. Beside this hole you place a sponge. Now tie a bean to the end of a string and you are ready for the fray.

"The bannah fish sticks his head up through the hole and sees the sponge. He is very fond of sponges, so he will immediately eat it. Once on the inside, the sponge swells up and makes the fish larger, thus preventing him from going back into the hole. He is now helpless, so you can bring the bean into play by hitting him over the head with it till he is out of commission."

The *Arkansas Legionnaire*, which also comes to me regularly, also has poets, cartoonists and correspondents. It is edited by Claude Brown with Ruth McCurry Brown as

associate editor. Anything of interest to Arkansas that does not occur to husband-editor occurs to wife-editor. They are a great pair, and Arkansas is big enough to hold them only because they make it big enough. Before me is their "Boost Arkansas" number, twelve pages, full newspaper size. They have taken out a big section of the census to show in how many things Arkansas is first. They make Arkansas seem all Legion.

There is something that takes me back to other days in the correspondence from Pine Bluff which, after the old fling at "the Cavalry, the Artillery and the cock-eyed Engineers," says "It was grand to be a 'Dusty'." When the night was dark and stormy we did not have to go down to the picket line and sing the horses to sleep, and, what's more, we did not have to do 'monkey drill', and that alone made it worth while to belong to the Infantry."

Stuart P. Sherman, one of our ablest essayists, in one of his recent reviews struck a note which is not heard often enough in these days of wordy intellectual

Well and Truly Said

pacifism, which, as he says, will not admit that there are any good memorials except those "which expose the horror

and degradation of war and bitterly and scornfully asperse everyone responsible for sending men into battle."

"There are those," he continues, "who hold that the dead soldiers should be asked to make one more sacrifice by consenting to oblivion."

He pleads for some honor for the known dead soldiers as well as for the Unknown Soldier. I join in this plea and add a plea for the disabled living who gave of their fine qualities of courage, unselfishness, industry and endurance which were in demand to defend what was dear to us in the only way to defend it at the time—war.

There can be no mind more callous or vapid than that which considers the soldier a party to creating the horror of war when he is a victim of its horror, fighting for his faith in the midst of horror. Those who hold the views Mr. Sherman condemns are enjoying fruits of the victory which they had small part in winning because they lacked those fine qualities. It is they, by their shallowness and undependability of thought expressed in glib parrot

phrases, who help to bring on war in which men and women who have the fine qualities must bear the burden. Many Legion posts take their names from the known dead. And on Memorial Day we shall honor the known dead and make them live in our thoughts to our credit and betterment while living men who would not honor them must be treated to oblivion.

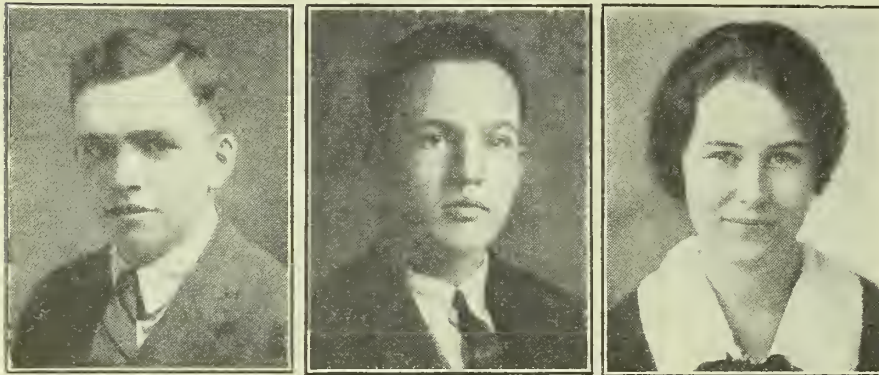
Not a layman and dreamer but the physician who knows the disease is the one to prescribe for it. The other day

I heard from one of the expert physicians who have the war disease in hand.

Peacemakers He was a member of the committee to study the peace problem which was authorized at the Saint Paul convention of the Legion. All the members know war; and war is what we would prevent. They are hard at work getting first-hand reports about the workings of the World Court and the League of Nations and all the pet peace projects. At the next convention we shall have their expert diagnosis and expert prescription.

Who Know War

Puncturing *the* Windy Bag of Communism



The Legion's Third National Essay Contest winners: Left to right, Robert Krumholtz, Ohio, first; John Miller, Jr., Virginia, second; Grace Nichols, California, third

THE school children of America have brought in a verdict against the social and industrial system of Soviet Russia. They have declared that the system under which the United States has attained its marvelous development in less than a century and a half has nothing in common with the revolutionary and experimental government founded on the ashes of the empire of the Czars.

In expressing their opinion of Russia's system, two hundred thousand American school children wrote essays on the subject "Why Communism is a Menace to Americanism" in the third annual National Essay Contest conducted by The American Legion. The judges of this contest have just announced the names of three high school students awarded first, second and third prizes.

First prize of \$750 was won by Robert Krumholtz, seventeen years old, of Springfield, Ohio; second prize, \$500, by John S. Miller, Jr., of Portsmouth, Virginia, and third prize, \$250, by Grace Nichols, of Healdsburg, California. The prize winners may use their awards for scholarships in any colleges they may select. The winners of the three national prizes were chosen from among the winners of first and second prizes in each State, who were awarded medals. Many months were required to grade the essays in all the State competitions and in the grading of the essays forwarded by the State contest officials to the national judges. The national judges were W. W. Husband, Commissioner General of Immigration; George F. Authier, president of the National Press Club, and William Mather Lewis, president of George Washington University.

Garland W. Powell, director of the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, has predicted that 400,000 school children will submit essays in the Legion's fourth National Essay Contest, now being conducted. The subject is: "Why has The American Legion, an organization of veterans of the World War, dedicated itself, first of all, 'to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States?'" Rules for this contest, the same as those of the three preceding contests, were published in the March 6th issue of the Weekly. Essays entered for the fourth contest must be in hands of local judges by June 1st.

Following are the three prize-winning essays in the third contest.

By ROBERT KRUMHOLTZ

COMMUNISM is that system of social organization in which all productive property is owned by the state or community rather than by the individual. Its principles are directly opposed to Americanism, which allows every man that which he earns.

Americanism stands for freedom and justice to all, while communism is the essence of injustice, since it gives to every man the same, no matter if he be an idler or worker.

Deep in the soul of every real man there is planted that craving to advance a little higher than his fellowmen. This we call ambition. Communism destroys this worthy and commendable passion at its very roots by compelling all to possess the same. In its stead it promotes laziness, for the people would say, "Why should I work when I only get the same as everyone else whether I work or not?"

It can be truly said that anything that is a failure is a menace, and communism from the very beginning of history has proven itself a complete failure, as in the case of the ancient Spartans, who were no more than trained animals lacking the power to act individually.

History proves that communism can only be successful when all possess unity of belief, and therefore communism could not possibly be successful in our fair land, known as the land of the free.

It has been said by those who are considered authorities on the subject that a modern communist is one who possesses nothing and has yearnings for the equal division of unequal earnings; for, idler, bungler, or both, he is willing to fork out his penny and take in your shilling.

America has been held up in history as the first country to give equal rights to women and the honor and respect

due to her virtues. Communism would degrade woman to the mere rank of common property and the beautiful and venerable name "Mother" would be forgotten.

Oh, true American citizens, if you are worthy of so honorable a name, unite against this common enemy, communism, and crush it like a serpent. Insure to our followers that peace and happiness to purchase which our ancestors did not hesitate to shed their blood.

By JOHN S. MILLER, JR.

AMERICANISM is noble, uplifting and real. It is a theory of democracy, liberty and freedom set into successful practice — a heritage of prosperity, peace and progress to every child born under the Stars and Stripes. The foundation of Americanism has been constructed on three fundamental principles—law, religious freedom and home life. These three principles are definitely expressed in every American's code of living—in law by the Constitution, in religion according to one's own thinking, and in life by the ideal American home. Any organization, group, or principle which does not recognize these fundamentals and seeks to destroy them is a menace to Americanism.

Communism is that form of industrial organization and government known today as bolshevism, where the control of all wealth, including the instruments of production and the consumers' goods, is in the hands of the group. It seeks to destroy the works, government and life of civilized people and offers nothing to take their place—only an impracticable theory.

Communism benefits not all the people but a particular class—the laborers. This violates a principle of American democracy, that of government of, by, and for the masses.

Communism stands opposed to government. It offers an indefinite rule of the people, but one which is entirely vague on a good many points. How can communists fix a basis for wages or land distribution? Are we able to take a shadow for the substance?

America with the rest of humanity has progressed on the personal initiative of its citizens. Communism—since it encourages inefficiency, laziness, and irresponsibility—smothers that initiative. Ambition is lost since there is no desire to rise. Human nature demands self-interest, and if hope of personal gain is lost then it is that mankind degenerates.

Communism's god is the material. History has proved that the nation of materialists is a doomed nation. America is a Christian country. Millions do not recognize this religion, but we can thankfully say we are not a nation of materialists. America must keep her God.

There could be no Americanism today were it not for the home. Com-

munism lurks as a wolf at the door. It actually advocates community of life and sexual licentiousness. In this condition alone it proposes enough to turn every true citizen to fight it, tooth and nail.

Communism was its own downfall in Russia. The bolsheviks overthrew the old régime and substituted communism. In a few months thousands were starving and the country was faced by utter ruin. Only the recall of capitalists saved the country from economic destruction.

By GRACE NICHOLS

COMMUNISM is a menace to Americanism because it attacks the fundamental principles upon which our Government is founded.

Communists advocate a system of government in which the institution of private ownership shall be non-existent, and in which wealth, as a product of labor, shall be redistributed on the basis of "from each according to his capacity and to each according to his need." These theories are directly opposed to the principles of Americanism for a number of very definite reasons:

First, because our system of government recognizes the institution of private ownership as a natural right of man, for every man has an inherent right to what he produces.

Second, because the abolition of the institution of private ownership would be special legislation against one class, namely, the property owners, or, as they are generally classified, the capitalists. Such legislation would be directly opposed to the fundamental ideals of our Government; indeed, it is expressly forbidden by the Constitution of the United States.

Third, because communism breeds class hatred. American democracy is still an experiment, upon whose success our present civilization depends. In order to avoid failure and consequent ruin, it is essential, in so far as is possible, to work together in harmony devoid of class feeling or distinction of any sort.

Fourth, because the practice of communistic theories could be brought about only by the destruction of personal liberty, in whole or in part, for no incentive is provided to cause men to work, save for the common welfare. It is an established fact, under our present social order, that men work for individual gain. If this stimulus be removed, a certain degree of force must necessarily be substituted in order to maintain production.

Fifth, because it is possible for a tyranny to develop from a communistic form of government. In order to bring about the desired redistribution of wealth, some one must be appointed to be judge of the respective capacities and needs of the various members of the community.

In conclusion, communism advocates the destruction of private ownership, one of the fundamental rights of man. Such an abolition would result in the enacting of class legislation. Furthermore, communism breeds class hatred; it destroys personal liberty; and it paves the way for tyranny. It is therefore a menace to Americanism, and should be regarded as such.



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5-22-25

The Biography of Bill Boone

(Continued from page 5)

in the billeting winter after the Armistice. La grippe sent him to a hospital far, far from friends and outfit, and when he was well enough to be sent back the trusting military authorities put him and six other irrepressibles in a third-class compartment with their traveling orders in their hands. They had rations for twenty-four hours and the trip took three days. They didn't starve only because Bill Boone made them peddle their belongings everywhere they went.

Eventually, I remember, we were smitten by the favorite pastime of all division headquarters which, as you know, used to be reorganizing outfits. A new order or something came along from Chaumont and the first thing Bill Boone and I knew we had been transferred to the M.P.'s for some unknown crime. They chained me to a typewriter in the office and sent Bill out to regulate the troops in a village.

It was almost a month before I met Bill Boone again. The M.P. captain had called me aside.

"Take a train and go down to Vezay and see what's the matter there," he told me. "Boone hasn't turned in an arrest on a delinquency charge in two weeks. No troops ever were such white-winged angels as that."

So I went, and found Bill Boone ensconced in stately splendor in the village's best château. A couple of doughboy sergeants were chatting with him on the best of terms, and I was just in time for an appetizer of ten-year-old cognac.

"Bill," I said, when the others had gone, "you're in for something. This village is too quiet and the skipper's getting suspicious. He wants to know why you aren't having any trouble. The troops in all the other villages bust loose now and then."

"Can't have any trouble without

cognac," grinned Bill. "And I've got all the cognac in town." Gently he led me to the magnificent chamber that was his bedroom and displayed the largest collection of cognac I have ever seen gathered in a single place. "Bought up every drop in the village with these craps winnings of mine. Now I'd like to see any soldier get zigzag and spoil my sleep. I'm here for a rest."

And so there was explained the mystery of the peace of Vezay.

We came back to the States as casuals, Bill and I. In the demobilization camp twice a day there would drift into our barracks a hard-boiled Regular top kick looking for casuals he could put on a detail. The first time he was very brisk indeed.

"I want four privates for K. P. Snap out, men."

"Sorry, sergeant," Bill informed him from his bunk in the corner, where he was reading a continued story. "We're all non-coms here. Master hospital sergeant myself."

The sergeant looked around. It was June and there wasn't a blouse in sight to betray us. He snorted—and down in the next barracks found the innocents he wanted. We were casuals and nobody knew us, so we stayed non-coms, too proud to work, until the day they gave us our discharge papers.

Bill and I parted with grief in front of a cigar store in a large Eastern city. "It was a great war," lamented Bill. "I hate to think of having to go to work again."

I have not seen him since, for we live in opposite sections of the country. And Bill is back in France now. But I expect to hear that France has asked Washington for a battleship to take Bill Boone back to America and give France its sorely-needed chance at reconstruction.

They Stayed Up Till 2:30 A. M. to Honor Pershing

(Continued from page 11)

mind and soul demanded by that mighty moment in the world's history.

"Out of the World War came The American Legion, conceived and born to save to America and the world the good which could come from the war.

"The American Legion, serving God and country in peace as its members in the military service served God and country in war, is living up to its creed and is honoring itself when it seeks to do honor to General Pershing."

Mr. Drain could not conclude his address without mentioning the work which is nearest his heart—the Legion's Endowment for the disabled and the war orphans. When General Pershing, whose remarks followed those of Mr. Drain, finished speaking, "The Spirit of the Legion" tableaux dramatically portrayed the work of the Legion which the Endowment Fund is solicited to carry on. These lines, spoken by Miss Bates, gave life and action to the tableaux:

Out of the filthy trenches' murk; out of the ceaseless battle-work

Shell-shocked and crippled, the Legion has come home.

We were there, Lafayette

We are here now, and yet—

The widows of our heroes—let us not forget.

Roses of Picardy, let them blow afar.

Here stands the soldier of our Legion—overseas;

Round about are comrades of all the companies;

Leathernecks and horsemen; fighters of the sky;

Doughboys and engineers; men of the artillery;

Valiant nurses and lassies of the battlefield;

They were there; they are here; and to all of them we yield

The honors of the Legion, the nation's gratitude.

Fighters of the war-time are builders of the now;

Out of the fields where poppies blow;
above the crosses row on row,

Some are at a smithy forge, some are at the plow;

Some are at an easel, some are on the stage—
All are helping now to reap the deathless heritage:
The liberty they fought for; the right to work in peace:
For God and home and country their labors may not cease.

Loving the lost ones, let us not forget
The living loved ones who are with us yet.
Come now, the dearest of them: widows in their weeds:
Orphans of our fighting men—prond of daddy's deeds.
Here they come—row on row—singing joyous songs:
Living flowers of our own fields. Every one belongs
To you and me and all of us. They are Legionnaires;
They have not forgotten our heroes in their prayers.

Here come the little ones whose fathers died today;
Successors of those fighting sires whose graves are far away.
They're hoping for a billet; a shelter as of old;
Children whom the Stars and Stripes ever must enfold.
That's what the Legion's for. You're all at home again;
And your home will be worthy of each true American.

The testimonial performance at the Hippodrome was conceived months ago by two disabled members of National Vaudeville Artists Post—Robert Redmond and Gerald A. LaForest. E. F. Albee, head of the Keith vaudeville circuit, donated the theatre for the occasion.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. A, 136TH INF.—Reunion at Rock Rapids, Ia., June 3. Address J. S. Kelliham, Rock Rapids.

SAVENAY LOIRE INF. TROOPS—Reunion, smoker and dinner, Fraternities Club Bldg., 22 E. 38th St., New York City, June 4, at 6:30 p. m. Address Frank H. Broome, 2684 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

2ND DIV.—Seventh annual reunion at Cleveland, O., June 4-6. Address John H. Morrison, 1909 Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland.

401ST TEL. BN.—Annual reunion at Prouts Neck, Portland, Me., June 6. Address Norman Halpine, 45 Forest Ave., Portland, or W. J. Sullivan, 50 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

136TH INF.—Fourth annual reunion at Worthington, Minn., June 15. Address Ezra C. Clemans, Owatonna, Minn.

12TH ENG., L. R.—Reunion at St. Louis, Mo., July 15-18. Address John J. Barada, 514 Kansas St., St. Louis.

42D DIV.—Sixth annual reunion at Chicago, July 13-15. Address Fred E. Crawford, 208 So. LaSalle St., Chicago.

12TH INF. (32d Div.)—To complete roster, members please address Capt. F. H. Crane, 219 Railroad Ave., Beaver Dam, Wis.

LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Downtown Business Men's Post will broadcast from Station WCAE, Pittsburgh Press and Kaufmann & Baer Co. (469 meters) at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, May 29.



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The Last Journey of the Romanoffs

(Continued from page 7)

other track ran off southward and to Moscow via Cheliabinsk and Samara. Almost surely the train would be switched to the southern route, and would not even pass through Ekaterinburg.

Therefore a local detail of red soldiers under the guidance of almost every one of the local soviet commissars proceeded feverishly out into the country and took their stand at the railroad switch. After a day of waiting in the fields, with everybody on hand so impatient that they fairly stamped the soft ground into a bog of mud, a train whistled up the track and presently came puffing to the switch and stopped.

THERE was a rush for the train, but this was quickly stopped by the appearance of bayonets within the cars. Then began a parley between Yakovlev, who was in charge of the train, and the commissars of Ekaterinburg, with the custody of the prisoners the prize.

After a discussion lasting two days, Yakovlev yielded. His force was heavily outnumbered and probably not anxious to fight. Thereupon eight persons were brought out of the train and placed in open carriages. They were the Czar, the Czarina, Marie, Dr. Botkine, the young Countess Hendrikov, Prince Dolgorovkoff, Leonide Sednev, a valet, and Anna Demidova, a maid.

They had bundled themselves up for protection against the weather, and they needed to—it was raining, and the carriages were like rickety skiffs in a sea of storm-tossed mud. No respect was shown the captives, nor any special signs of insult.

Thus the Czar (I shall refer to him by that title, although he was no longer Czar, having abdicated) made his entrance into the famous platinum city of his empire in a squeaky old open carriage mashing along through the April mires, with the cold rain beating into the faces of himself, his wife, and their nineteen-year-old daughter.

At the moment they arrived in the city the prison was filled to overflowing with barons and dukes and as Tolstoy the younger says, "people who used toothbrushes." So the party was divided. The carriage that had as its inmates Countess Hendrikov and Prince Dolgorovkoff was sent to the prison. Some weeks later the Countess and the Prince were transferred to Perm and there shot to death with other relatives of the Romanoffs.

Meanwhile the others were driven down the broad Vossnessensky Prospect, and at about the middle of the city the carriage turned into the yard of a fine mansion that had belonged to Ipatief, a wealthy mining engineer. Ipatief had been requested to leave a short time before, and so had disappeared.

This house was a two-story building in front, and three stories behind because it was built on the side of a steep hill and the cellar that was entirely underground on the one side had windows on the other where the hill fell away. The family had two rooms on

the second floor for their sleeping rooms, a bathroom (which was unusual and a great luxury in that part of Russia), and a dining room. The other rooms in the house were used by the guards.

When the rest of the family was brought to Ekaterinburg ten days later, on May 10th, they were still restricted to two rooms—the Czar, the Czarina, and the little lame Czarevitch in one, where there were two beds, and the four princesses in the adjoining room, where there were no beds. The girls slept on the floor. Dr. Botkine, the faithful old family physician, and Anna, the maid, and Sednev, the valet, slept with the family or with the guards or wherever they could find a corner in the house.

During the first month of their Ekaterinburg captivity the Czar and his family were allowed to walk in the garden and sit on the balcony at the back of the house. Also at their request a priest of the old Russian Orthodox church was allowed to come to the house occasionally and hold mass. The visits of the priest meant a great deal to the prisoners, since they were very religious, the Czarina fanatically so.

Another detail of their physical comfort—or rather a detail that lessened their discomforts—was the fact that their own food was prepared for them in the house. But that was during the first month—and the Ipatief house was officially known to the local soviet as "the house of special destination," whatever that was supposed to mean.

There came a day when the Russian Red troops were displaced by the Lettish, and Commander Avdeiev, who was the first jailer of the Romanoffs in Ekaterinburg, was succeeded by—Commissar Jurovsky! He whose young daughter had been the model for the abhorrent statue in the park! His zeal was rewarded. No man in all the history of the world ever realized his dream more perfectly.

ALL his life Jurovsky had hated the Czar. When the Romanoffs were taken to Tobolsk, Jurovsky was seized with a passion to lay hands on them.

The final page was turning in the Romanoffs' book of life.

People in the town could see outward signs of the change—and they could guess at what was taking place behind those double board fences that had been built around the big house on Vossnessensky Prospect—fences four feet apart, allowing just enough room for a sentinel to walk post between them.

Two sailors of the former royal yacht who had accompanied Alexis to Ekaterinburg were taken out and shot in front of the prison. One of these was the magnificent, kindly giant Deremenko. Peasant women who had brought eggs and confections to the sentinel's gate for "our Father Czar" had their baskets snatched with a curse and were driven away. Food was no longer prepared by Kharitonof, the family cook, but was sent in from

the mess of the red soldiers. The priest was forbidden entrance. The Czar no longer walked in the garden. Nobody on the outside saw the Romanoffs.

There was some disgusting boasting that circulated among the soldiers. It was said that when the family sat down to eat the coarse food, often the guards who lolled about the room would spit in the dishes. They said that the princesses were not allowed to close their door at night, or when they took a bath.

Signs about the house afterward showed that much of this persecution must have occurred. For instance, there were so many bayonet stabs in the door frame of the bathroom that it looked as though some soldier had practiced aiming his bayonet there. There were many obscene drawings on the walls.

Meanwhile the Romanoffs *might* have been rescued if they had wished to be.

A committee for rescuing the Romanoffs was organized by forty former officers. These men planned so carefully and were so loyally supported by everybody in the city who knew about them that they were never revealed, and have not been revealed to this day. A great deal of money was subscribed to this committee. People gave every gold ruble and bit of platinum they could spare—not with the idea of re-establishing the throne, but simply of rescuing the Romanoffs from their predicament and putting them in a place of safety.

The work of the rescue committee progressed favorably.

Communication was actually established between its members and the prisoners in the Ipatief house. The Czar was apprised that his friends would effect his rescue, and that he should hold himself in readiness on a certain night. The plan was to muster the horses, stab the sentinels and overcome the guards. It would have been easy to do this, for the Lettish soldiers would have been outnumbered and caught off their guard. The family would then be carried off on fast horses and hidden in a Siberian monastery. The plan was altogether practical and could surely have been carried out. It fell through for one single reason—the Czar himself.

He refused. He thanked his friends, but said that he would not agree to the plan. He was a simple, trustful man, colossally ignorant of his real situation even in the midst of all the suffering. "No—I trust in God and the Russian people." That was the gist of his refusal.

* * * * *

FIVE days later the sun sank behind the Ural Mountains on the evening of July 16th. The facts of that night are told simply and frankly by a commissar who was present.

It was a moonless night. At two o'clock in the morning the city lay silent and black. Everybody was at home and asleep—including the family in the Ipatief house. The only moving

object on the street was a group that glided down Vossnessensky Prospect, halted at the gate in the double board fences, mumbled something to the sentinel, and filtered through into the house.

Hobnails crunched on the stone steps; the hollow house, almost bare of furniture, resounded to heavy feet climbing the stairs. There was a pause, a second of utter silence, a loud knock. The butt of a pistol beat against the panels of a door.

"Nicolai Romanoff, wake up. Dress yourself in haste. Prepare for a long journey. And the others—summon them too. You are all going on the journey. Be quick."

Commissar Jurovsky ordered the lanterns to be lighted. Presently the doors of the two rooms opened and the family came out.

The Czar was a small man, and now, in his light leather boots and short, loose jerkin, he appeared to have shrunk in comparison to the giants that stood around him. But Nicholas did not cower. Rather he was a man in a stupor—his mind troubled to calousness, his nerves racked to numbness. His face was like that of a gnome, pallid and wizened, yet his beard was trimmed to a point and combed. He blinked at the men who stared at him. Then he shook himself a little, and turned and called gently back into the room he had just left.

"Come, Alexei."

A little boy of fourteen—emaciated, bilious, his spirit broken by illness and confinement, yet neatly dressed in a sailor suit—limped out and took his father's hand.

"Where is your mother? And where are your sisters?"

"They are here, father. See, we are all together. We are all going on a trip together, aren't we, father?"

Nicholas glanced toward the mute, lowering figure of Jurovsky. Nobody answered the boy's question.

Just then the group was joined by a woman of indefinite figure under her cape and hat who moved slowly and with effort; she was evidently a victim of nervous collapse. With her were the four girls. Olga, the eldest, was tall and angular and careworn. Next came Tatiana, of medium height. An abundance of black hair bulged the thin shawl that she had thrown over her head and peeked out beside her flushed cheeks. Still she had more color and more life than the others. Her mind was alert; she marshaled the rest of the family, adjusted the loose corners of their shawls, helped to do up a button that had escaped attention in the bustle.

There were two others: Marie, who stood silent, mechanical, and Anastasia. They were pretty in their paleness—delicate, tender girls. While they shared the torpor of their father, they also mechanically assisted Tatiana in helping the others.

A door had opened in the darkness and four other persons pushed their way through the guards and stood behind the girls. Nobody spoke to them. They were silent sharers of the destiny of their friends and monarchs. They were old Dr. Botkine, the physician; Anna Demidova, the maid; Sedaev, the valet; and Kharitonof, the cook. Any of these, the remnants of the Romanoff suite, could have been saved if

they had only disowned those they served.

A moment they waited in this upper hall. Then they descended, detoured through the kitchen and down into the cellar, which was half underground. Any sounds that were made down there, any lights that shone, were buried in their places. A gun might be fired and its report die before reaching the middle of the garden.

As the party entered this vault there was a scampering and scratching of rats. The vermin were making way for the visitors.

The room was large and bare. I do not know why a man brought two chairs—it was his own idea, an act of pity, or a gesture of ironic mockery—I do not know. But two chairs were brought and placed against the blank, dripping wall. Nicholas was invited to sit down, and he accepted with dull obedience; taking the boy on his knee, he motioned slightly toward the Czarina to use the other chair. The four princesses stood against the wall beside their mother; Tatiana next to the Czarina, Marie and Anastasia in the middle, Olga last. Beyond stood the old doctor and the three servants, preserving their humble stations even now at death's door. Facing them the soldiers stood with their guns tucked under their arms and bayonets fixed. There were ten men in all, besides Jurovsky and the other commissars.

Jurovsky had said little. He was absorbed in thought—great thoughts. He certainly did not see a little harmless old man, a woman bowed with infirmity, a broken-down boy with his four cultivated, lovely, helpless sisters, an aged family physician and three faithful servants. Suddenly Anastasia collapsed to the floor, totally unconscious. The maid was sobbing in great hiccoughs.

Jurovsky now stepped forward. He asked the men with lanterns to shift their positions in order to throw a stronger light on the Romanoffs.

"Nicolai Romanoff, we are going to kill you because you would not sign the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk."

Nicholas stared straight ahead for a moment, then without a word he dropped to his knees and made the sign of the cross. His wife broke out into hysterical sobs, crying to Jurovsky to kill her and Nicholas but to spare the children. It was the instinct and the anguish of a mother. Her screams increased. No one could speak another word. No one took notice of the others. For several minutes that was all—until a sudden and far more terrible sound ended the cries.

Jurovsky took three steps forward. With a quick gesture he placed the muzzle of his pistol behind the ear of the Czar and pulled the trigger. The brains of Nicholas spattered his hand. It was the signal for the others. There was a blaze and crash that must have split open the stone walls of the house. The men fired at will, then they rushed forward, kicking and stabbing, and beating the victims with the butts of their guns. A long shining bayonet flashed forward and plunged through the heart of the beautiful Tatiana. She crumpled and lay in a bloody, quivering heap. Beside her lay Anastasia, who had fainted, and the bayonet, hot and dripping, was quickly plunged

(Continued on page 21)



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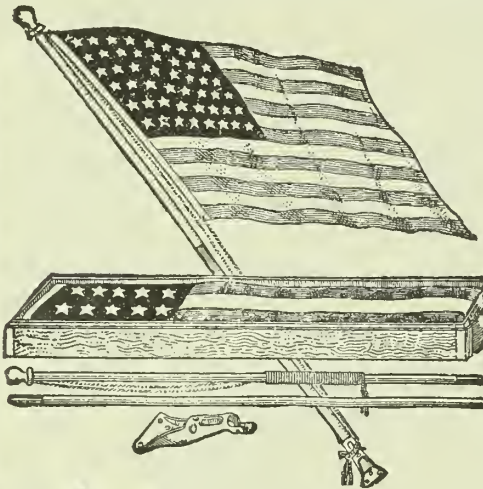
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← MAIL TODAY!

The Last Journey of the Romanoffs

(Continued from page 19)

through her, mixing the blood of the princesses.

It might have been a minute, it might have been an age, before the din subsided. The men paused and looked around. The Czar had fallen forward on his face and lay on the Czarevitch. And now they noticed a strange thing.

A shoe—two shoes—were tapping the floor. Jurovsky with his foot turned the body of the Czar over, and there lay the boy, sorely wounded but living. Jurovsky pointed. A soldier stepped forward with a dripping bayonet and ran it swiftly through Alexis. He was so little and frail; it was easily done.

It was about three o'clock. An hour had passed since the little group had glided down the street to the Ipatief house. And still the sprawling city slept in quiet and peace and darkness.

A lorry was brought down the alley at the side of the house and loaded with a dripping confusion of dark masses. The gears ground for a moment, then the lorry went chugging out a country road toward the east, followed by another lorry.

The first report, started by the soviet commissars themselves, was that the Romanoff family had been removed in the night by railroad to Perm. Somehow people were not convinced.

So the leaders talked it over and decided on a different story. A meeting was called in the great municipal theater. Goloshokin, head commissar, made a heated speech in which he declared that they had killed the Czar, but had sent his wife and children away in safety.

This announcement did not reach the outside world. Moscow was dazed and undecided, issued denial after denial, and contradicted itself—until the world knew not what to think. The thing became a deep mystery. Even though the town was plastered with posters "Nicolai Romanoff, bloody tyrant, has been killed!" signed "Ekaterinburg Soviet"—that did not clear

up how it had all happened, and why, and who was saved.

Sixteen miles east of Ekaterinburg is Kopchiki Forest. In the heart of the forest are some abandoned mine shafts. During the few months that Kolchak's "white troops" held Ekaterinburg in 1919 this place was searched and all sorts of relics found at the bottom of mine shafts or tramped into the dirt around the mouths of the shafts. Jewels, settings, buttons, hooks, corset stays, a set of false teeth (Dr. Botkine's)—even a human finger, and many charred bones.

These findings about the mine conform absolutely with the confidential details given by the commissar. He said that Jurovsky and the others when their blood had cooled were alarmed by what they had done—they had been impulsive. It was almost an accident—a deliberate accident, though. They were anxious to erase every sign. They had spent three days in Kopchiki Forest; they had burned the bodies with petrol and sulphuric acid, but in the excitement they had tramped some of the jewels from Tatiana's clothing into the mud, and finally in desperate disgust they had shoveled every remnant in sight down a deep mine shaft, and left the place with a curse.

Then the Lettish guards had returned and demanded their reward. No true Russian soldier would accept it—only two real Russians had been present at the killing—and the guards were paid off accordingly with one hundred gold rubles (fifty dollars) and a bottle of vodka each.

Lately the Ipatief house has been burned to the ground. Too many people made a shrine of it, and pilgrimages had to stop.

Thus the Romanoffs went on their last journey.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Platt on the killing of the Romanoffs. The first appeared in last week's issue.

Take It from Georgia

(Continued from page 9)

paign. Candler is Legion National Executive Committeeman from Georgia, vice-chairman of the Atlanta campaign, and chairman of the Georgia committee for Endowment Fund publicity.

Two of the other local campaigns were noteworthy for special reasons. Fort Benning is at Columbus, Georgia. Some of the Regular Army personnel are members of Charles S. Harrison Post, among them the commandant, Brigadier General Briant H. Wells. When community quotas were being set, General Wells requested that Fort Benning be assigned part of the Columbus quota. So \$2,000 was set as the fort's share. "We guarantee that much," agreed General Wells, "and we'll go well above it." And they did.

First in Georgia, and one of the first in the whole United States to raise its quota, was the city of Valdosta. The quota was \$2,750. Without waiting for any assistance Valdosta Post obtained a supply of subscription cards

and set to work. The workers solicited Legionnaires and other townspeople, and had the money turned in to National Headquarters a full month before the official campaign week.

The first contribution in the State was given wide publicity. It came from Eula Kearsy, an Atlanta office girl, who unsolicited gave almost a week's salary. The fact was heralded in every way, with pictures of the donor. And it raised a good many people's ideas of the proper size for their own subscriptions.

The president of practically every civic, business and fraternal organization in Atlanta signed a letter which declared, "Atlanta must complete the \$25,000 quota." Privately, these leaders agreed that their societies would guarantee the raising of the quota.

And so, while this is written before the complete returns are in, there is no question about Georgia's success. The State will raise its \$75,000 quota, and then pass that figure.

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Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Unanswerable

O'Brien was standing in the courtroom beside a large speed cop.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with driving while under the influence of liquor, the proof being that you ran down and severely injured your neighbor, McTavish."

"But, yer honor," protested O'Brien, "if I was really drunk, how the devil could I of seen where I was goin'?"

The Old Ivory Dome Gag

[From the Toledo (O.) Times]

A machine filled with Negroes turned over several times on the Oregon road near Miami street early Monday morning and spilled its cargo in several directions. None were hurt.

Pessimistic

Liza: "Is yo' cleanin' house all done?"

Lulu: "Yas. 'Ceptin' Ah finds de broom."

Too Much Prosperity

"Are you crazy, Pat? Ye say ye turned down the job because the pay was too high?"

"Sure. If I iver got sick an' had to lay off, losin' so much money would worry me to death."

The Wild Life In Rochester

[From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle]

The Lake View Unit will meet at School No. 7. Mrs. Hesselink, chairman, announces a lesson in fancy stitches and smoking by Miss Muriel Phillips.

Forewarned

The Garretts were at the breakfast table.

"The funniest thing happened to me last night," giggled Marjorie, the elder daughter. "Mr. Litton—Junior's school

teacher—proposed to me. I told him he was an old fool for even thinking of such a thing."

There was a moment of silence. Then Junior rose abruptly from the table.

"Ma, I don't think I'll go to school to-day," he observed.

But Sometimes Necks Don't Last

[Ad in the Pueblo (Col.) Chieftain]

"EASTER GIFTS THAT LAST"—

Rosaries, Vanity Cases, Choker Beads, Necks at special prices.

Preparedness

"You say," repeated the druggist, "that you want a quarter's worth of candy and a nickel's worth of stomach-ache medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied the small boy, "an' mix 'em, please."

Referred to Congress

[Ad in the Emporia (Kas.) Gazette]

WANTED—Man to whitewash.

Confidence

O Lady, you have often heard it said, In this wild world good men are hard to find;

The ones who furnish cake as well as bread.

And never try to break the ties that bind.

'Tis claimed they only function in a book, But (though we blush to say it) have a look.

No Raleigh shades us with his courtly grace;

To Chesterfield we'd give both eards and spades;

We can be frugal as the Scottish race, And you'd receive the envy of all maids.

To pass us up, by Fortune you're forsook, So we repeat the warning—have a look.

—Thomas J. Murray.

Skin 'Em Alive

[Advertisement appearing in Stewartville, Minn.]

We buy eggs and want your hides, too.

It Takes Time

Jack: "Losing her beauty, don't you think?"

Jill: "No—probably she got up late."

An Inevitable Accessory

He: "Romeo was one of the world's greatest lovers."

She: "Don't try to kid me! They didn't know what automobiles were in those days."

Hard Luck

"So yo' wife don' believe in gamblin'?" "Nossuh, an' Ah sho' leads a dawg's life."

"Huccum, dawg's life?"

"De very fust day Ah had to bury mah bones."

What Do You Get Out of This?

[Ad in the Houston (Tex.) Chronicle]

FANCY SUITS—for women—of wool—in black and all wanted colors.

Life Is So Complicated

"Dear heart," she said, "when I am here and you are far away.

Let's think about each other at a certain time each day."

But never did with one accord their meditations chime.

For she by Daylight Saving went, and he by Standard Time. —E. R. T.

Triumph of Surgery

[From the Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus Leader]

One of her fingers was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated almost to the wrist.

Habit

"What's the matter with the champion?" asked the promoter.

"He wants his movie double to box for him," answered the trainer.

Girls Will Be Girls

[Ad in the Liberty (N. Y.) Ad-Viser]

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Middle aged preferred.

Wouldn't That Pania?

A damsel from old Pennsylvania Had a most reprehensible mania

For bumping the heads

Of her fellow co-eds

To determine the strength of their crania. —J. C.

Cruel and Unusual

[News Dispatch from Springfield, Ill.]

Governor Small today reprieved Bernard Grand of Chicago, who was sentenced to hang Friday until August 14.

What Price License?

[Ad in the Barbours (W. Va.) Democrat]

CALL "Fuzzy" Willett for taxi. He now has his license and will haul you cheaper.

To You

My dear, I doff my hat to you; You've done what scores have tried to do, But you alone have put it through.

I loved a lot and deemed me wise, Until I looked into your eyes, And now I know that wisdom lies.

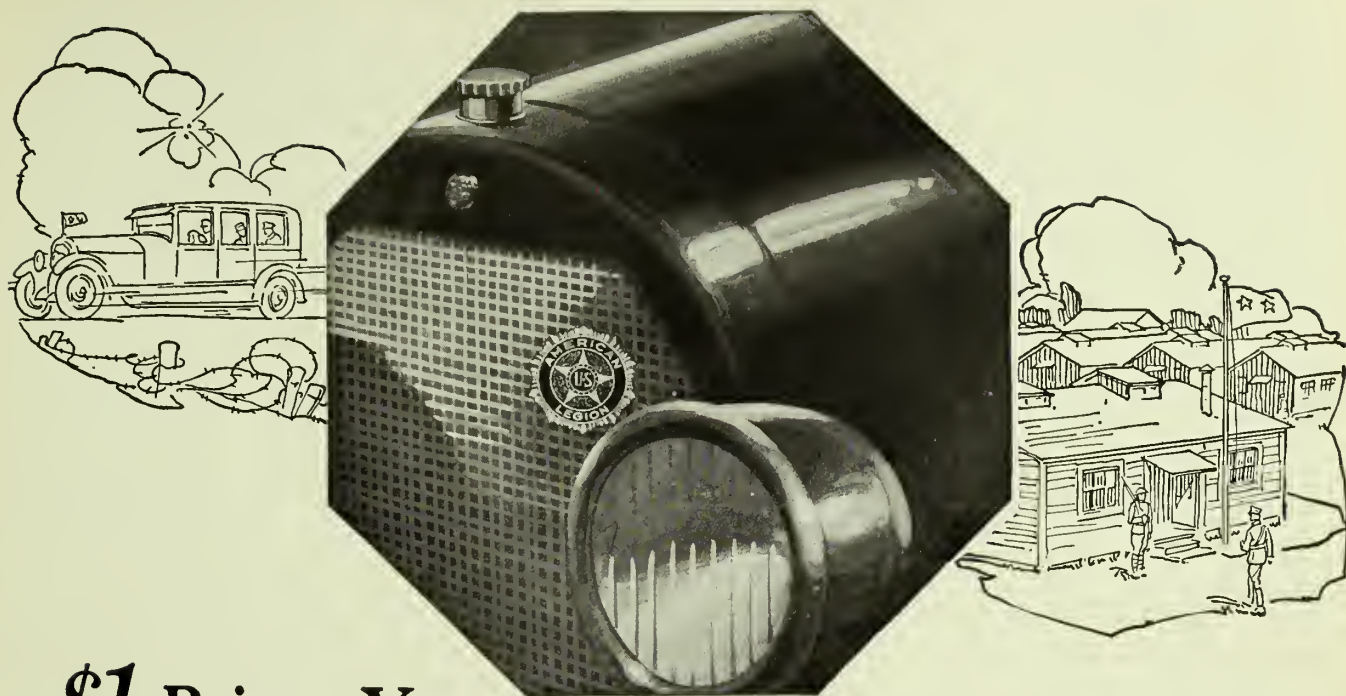
You're weak on looks, your clothes are nix, But you have got me in a fix,

For I proposed last night at six.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.



"Here y'are. Have yer picture taken on a pony. On'y ten cents."

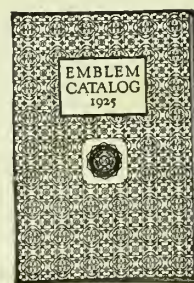


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Meuse-Argonne, and all the others. In addition, you will find a special Navy and Marine Corps section with hundreds of pictures; also dozens of Air Service photographs, Tank Corps in action, Hospital Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations; and every branch that contributed to the success of the combat forces.

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